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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Gathering and Preserving Seeds.
It will soon be time to think about gathering seeds of many kinds for next year. There are but few people who consider that plants as well as animals may be much improved by selecting the best, most perfectly grown and earliest seed. The next year's crop will not only by this means be increased in quantity, but its quality will also be improved. All kinds of seeds that grow in husks or pods should be strung up and suspended from the ridge-pole or a rafter in the garret, where they will be out of the way of mice, and where they will dry gradually. Great care should be taken to keep them from an excess of moisture, which will cause them to mould and destroy the germinative principle; and on the other hand, they will not be so good if they are shelled out (especially if it is done before they are perfectly ripe) and placed in the sun or any situation where they will dry very rapidly; they thus become shrivelled and will not so readily vegetate, although the vital principle may not be destroyed. The seeds of squashes, pumpkins, cucumbers, melons, &c., should be carefully cleaned from the pulp which surrounds them, and then placed in a situation where they will dry gradually, being every day stirred up or turned to prevent their moulding. Seeds, after being thus prepared, may be preserved almost any length of time, in a perfectly good state, by packing them in pulverized charcoal and keeping them in a dry place, or stopping entirely from the air in a glass bottle.

Destroy your Weeds.
Every farmer should be up and doing, be active and vigilant in waging a war of extermination against weeds of every name and nature, from the Canada thistle to the insignificant chickweed, that is such a grievous annoyance in our garden. If you have not had time to rid every part and portion of your premises, around your buildings, and the sides of the road opposite your land, from these pests of the farmer, now is your time to take your scythe or hoe and cut them down, to prevent their going to seed and returning you a hundred fold more of trouble next year. A double advantage may be gained by doing this, if you will take the trouble to gather them up and throw them into your hog yard. You will get the thanks of your swine in the form of a number of additional lbs. of pork in your barrel next fall, and a lot of good manure into the bargain.

But if you have a piece of land that is very weedy, which you wish to till next year, mow them with all means, and let them lay upon the ground until they get dry, and then burn it over. In this way you will not only destroy the weeds, but all the eggs and larva of insects that may be deposited therein, and clean the piece and prepare it finely for a crop of grain.

Sunbath for Tanning.
It is well known that the sunbath which grows wild in this State is useful for tanning, but that it imparts like hemlock and oak bark, a dark color to the leather, while the species of sunbath brought from Europe or Asia is used for tanning sheep skins, and as we are informed, tans the pelt without imparting any coloring, and therefore leaves it perfectly white. Is there not some other vegetable substance growing abundantly among us that will supply the place of this foreign article? We have no doubt there is, and that if experiments should be tried with some of our plants it would end in the discovery of one that would answer every purpose. Who will look it up?

Rhubarb.
This excellent plant, which should have a place in every garden, is very easily raised, requiring nothing more than a rich loamy situation. It is an orchard in miniature, the stems of its leaves affording a substance which is an excellent substitute for apples, to make sauce or pies.

The sauce made from it, is very wholesome and palatable, and will be a good preventive of bowel complaints.

It is said that by stewing it with sugar and preparing it in the same manner as for the table, it may be bottled and corked up tight and preserved till winter.

Indeed, we do not see why it may not be kept as long as apple sauce, or any of the berries that are preserved in this way, without being bottled up. Some of our good housewives had better try the experiment.

EARLY CORN. Br. Drew, of the Banner, gathered from his garden, on the 23d instant, corn large enough to be eaten. Early corn that, for this region.

PEAS. Peas should be put into boiling water with salt and saleratus, in proportion of a teaspoonful of saleratus to half a peck of peas. Boil them from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to their age and kind. When boiled tender, take them out of the water with a skimmer, salt and butter them to the taste. Peas, to be good, should be fresh gathered, and not shelled till just before they are cooked.

CORN. Corn is much sweeter to be boiled on the cob. It made into succotash, cut it from the cobs, and boil it with Lima beans, and a few slices of salt pork. It requires boiling from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to its age.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIII. AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1845. NO. 31.

Blasted Plums.
To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:
I noticed in the last number of the Farmer, a request for information as to the cause of plums dropping prematurely from the trees, and also for a remedy against the evil; and although I do not feel myself competent to do the subject justice, yet, in the absence of other and better information, I will give what I can, hoping it may have a tendency to elicit information from some able source, upon a subject of much importance to the cultivator of fruit.

For several years past, our plums have, to some extent, blighted and fallen off, which has led me into a close enquiry and examination into the cause, which I have become satisfied is the effects of the curculio, which, from about the first to the middle of the sixth month, sting or puncture the plums, and deposit their eggs in them, the grub usually penetrating to the stone, causing the plum to wither and fall off. We have, for the sake of experiment, removed the eggs with a sharp pointed knife, soon after they were deposited, and the plum sustained no further injury than, in some cases, a small scar.

The best and most effectual remedy that we have found, is salt, spread around the tree as far as the branches extend. It should be applied early in the spring, before vegetation commences, from one to three quarts, according to the size of the tree. We have not found this an entire remedy, but have been much benefited by it. As further proof of the utility of salt, in the fall of 1843, I visited the nursery and fruit garden of Samuel Pond, in Cambridge, which was formerly a salt marsh. His plums escaped the ravages of the curculio, when all around as far as I could learn, suffered materially from them. This, in connection with what was related to me by a close observer of cause and effect, in Salem, of some plum trees that stood upon the beach, so near as to be covered at times with salt spray, goes to satisfy me of the utility of salt, independent of the good effects we have experienced in its use. I would, however, allude to an experiment made by Professor Cleveland, if I mistake not, which, I think, was to remove, early in the spring, the earth around the tree as far as the branches extend, and to the depth of two to three inches, and spread over a coat of newly slacked lime, from one-half to an inch in thickness, then cover it with earth; and I am of the opinion that rich earth, taken a distance from the tree, which would not be likely to be infested with the grub, would be better than what was removed. We have made a trial of this method with some good effect; but in this case the addition of salt, I think, would be very beneficial. Another remedy, as practiced by some, is to spread a sheet under the branches, and give the tree a sudden shake, before sunrise every morning, and destroy the curculio that fall. But this must be rather a tedious process to continue for some weeks.

To those unacquainted with the curculio, a description of it might be interesting, but the length of this article is sufficient to preclude it at this time.

DANIEL TABER.
Vassalboro', 7th mo., 21st, 1845.

Maying.
We have seen printed rules for maying which we cannot assent. We have been advised to begin mowing quite early, while it is cool, and to lie by in the heat of the day while the hay is drying. This seems rather too much in the teeth of an ancient maxim, "make hay while the sun shines." He who would make his hay rapidly and well, must be about it in the middle of the day, even though the weather is so warm as to cause rapid perspiration.

From ten o'clock A. M. to five P. M., he must watch the weather and keep his hay stirring. A nap at noon in hay time, is entirely out of place. It would be safer to drop asleep at six o'clock. A farmer of judgment and of attentive habits will lose but very little hay by wetting. He will watch the clouds from ten till hay is in the barn, or in cocks that are well tramped.

Showers in the middle of the day are very troublesome, but their bad effects may be avoided by skillful management. When you are threatened with rain strive rather to get your dryest hay into heaps, then to cart it to the barn, for in this way you will generally secure twice as much as you will with cart and oxen. Never mind small scatterings when you have not time enough to secure the whole. Look to the main chance. Collect the main body in heaps that will turn the rain, and the hundred pounds of scatterings will hardly be noticed in your well mowed up with a ton of bright hay.

To some it may appear trifling to be thus particular; but we have seen farmers of good judgment in other matters, act quite absurdly through mere habit. They have been taught to rake clean—perfectly clean; and they observe this rule in extreme cases, not considering that when all is threatened with destruction they should abandon what is less valuable for what is more worthy of their attention.

These men will laugh at the absurdity of the dairy woman, who, when the house was on fire, made it her first business to remove the pans of milk from the cellar and to set them in a place of security, while the most valuable furniture was going to destruction.

A farmer who uses a horse rake has greatly the advantage of one who gathers all his hay by hand labor. A whole afternoon is spent in raking a single acre, though with a single horse and a small boy thirty minutes are enough.

(Mass. Ploughman.)

RED STRAW WHEAT. The Louisville Journal says: Mr. Magill Robinson, of this neighborhood, has exhibited to us a bundle of this wheat. The ears were large and full and the grains very plump and heavy, and it would be very difficult to produce a finer specimen. This wheat ripens two weeks earlier than the common sorts, and thus, we learn, always escapes the rust. It ripened last year by the first of June. It weighs very heavy. Mr. R. thinks that his crop will be twenty-five bushels to the acre—a large yield in this bad season. We do not hesitate to advise the farmer to give it a trial.

Does the Moon Influence the Weather?

From the fourth number of Dr. Lardner's Popular Lectures on Science, which has just been published, we make the following extract. The influence which the changes of the moon are generally supposed to exert upon the weather, seem very clearly shown by the Doctor to be fallacious:

"Among the many influences which the moon is supposed, by the world in general, to exercise upon our globe, one of those which have been most universally believed, in all ages and in all countries, is that which it is presumed to exert upon the changes of the weather. Although the particular details of this influence are sometimes pretended to be described, the only general principle, or rule, which prevails with the world in general, is, that a change of weather may be looked for at the epochs of new and full moon; that is to say, if the weather be previously fair it will become foul, if foul it will become fair. Similar changes are also, sometimes, though not so confidently looked for, at the epochs of the quarters.

A question of this kind may be regarded either as a question of science or a question of fact. If it be regarded as a question of science, we are called upon to explain how and by what property of matter, or what law of Nature or attraction the moon at a distance of a quarter of a million of miles, combining its effects with the sun, at four hundred times that distance, can produce those changes which we begin to look for at the epochs of the moon. To this it may be readily answered, that no known law or principle has hitherto explained any such phenomena. The moon and sun must, doubtless, affect the ocean of air which surrounds the globe, as they affect the ocean of water—producing effects analogous to tides, but when the quantity of such an effect is estimated, it is proved to be utterly inappreciable, and such as could be merged among the meteorological changes here adverted to.

But in conducting investigations of this kind, we proceed altogether to the wrong direction, and begin at the wrong end when we commence with the investigation of the physical cause of the supposed phenomena. That method of conducting physical inquiries, which was bequeathed to us by the illustrious Bacon, and which has led to such an immense extension of our knowledge of the universe, imperiously requires that before we begin to seek for the cause of any phenomena, we must prove beyond the possibility of doubt, the reality of the phenomena, and ascertain with the utmost precision, all the circumstances attending them. In other words, we are required to consider all inquiries of the kind now adverted to, as mere questions of fact, before we take them as questions of science.

What, then, let us see, in the present question? It is asserted that the moon produces such an influence on the weather as to cause it to change at the new and full moon, and at the quarters. But in this mode of stating the proposition, there are implicitly included two very distinct points, one of which is a simple matter of fact, and the other a point of physical science.

First.—It is asserted that at the epochs of a new and full moon, and at the quarters, there is generally a change of weather. This is a mere statement of alleged fact.

Second.—It is asserted that the places of the moon, or in other words, the relative position of the moon and sun in regard to the earth is the cause of these changes.

Now it is evidently necessary to settle the first question before we trouble ourselves with the second, for if it should so happen that the first statement should prove to be destitute of foundation the second falls to the ground.

The question of fact here before us, is one most easily settled. In many meteorological observations throughout Europe, a register of the weather in all respects, has been kept for a long period of time. Thus the height of the barometer, the condition of the thermometer, the hydrometer, and the rain gauge; the form and character of the clouds, the times of the falling of rain, hail and snow, and in short every particular respecting the weather has been duly registered, from day to day, and often from hour to hour.

The period of the lunar phases, it is needless to say, has also been registered, and it is, therefore, possible to compare one set of changes with the other.

This, in fine, has been done. We can imagine, placed in two parallel columns, in juxtaposition, the series of epochs of the new and full moons, and the quarters, and the corresponding conditions of the weather at these times, for fifty or one hundred years back, so that we may be enabled to examine, as a mere matter of fact, the conditions of the weather, and compare a register of the weather in all respects, has been kept for a long period of time. Thus the height of the barometer, the condition of the thermometer, the hydrometer, and the rain gauge; the form and character of the clouds, the times of the falling of rain, hail and snow, and in short every particular respecting the weather has been duly registered, from day to day, and often from hour to hour.

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Such, then, being the case, it would be idle to attempt to seek for a physical cause of an effect which is destitute of truth."

CHICKEN PIE. Joint the chickens, which should be young and tender—boil them in just sufficient water to cover them. When nearly tender, take them out of the liquor, and lay them in a deep pudding dish, lined with pie crust. Top layer of chickens, put three or four slices of pork—add a little of the liquor in which they were boiled, and a couple of ounces of butter, cut into small pieces—sprinkle a little flour over the whole, cover it with pie crust, and ornament the top with some of your pastry.

STRING BEANS. There is a way to cook this vegetable, by which it is very much improved both in appearance and flavor. The pods are split (not opened at the edges, but in an opposite direction), from end to end, and then cut into short pieces, as in the usual way; they are then boiled in any suitable vessel, separate from meat or other vegetables, a small quantity of pearl or saleratus having been thrown into the water. When taken from the water, after having been sufficiently cooked, they are of a beautiful bright green color, and will be found much more tender and delicate than when cooked without the saleratus. They are, of course, to be seasoned according to your taste.

House Flies.

These too friendly visitors will soon be swarming in every house in the land where admittance is yielded them; nor will they care for any delicate hint that their presence is unwelcome; their breeding is in a dunghill, and their subsequent manners are such as may be expected from so ignoble a cradle—in short they will enter every dwelling where a human being resides, and only yield its occupancy in compliance with summary ejection.

The American House Fly is the musca hyspida of Dr. Harris' Catalogue. It makes its appearance early in July or sooner if the season favor, and remains until destroyed by cold weather; and while undisturbed is one of the most intolerable nuisances that can be conceived of. They fill every nook and corner of the house—are upon every thing—diverge into every dish, eating what they can and defiling the rest. They have no regard to personal rights—eyes, nose and mouth are open doors to them; invading them to bite, tease, and tickle; and right ready are they in their acceptance of every thing offered or unoffered. Nothing is more disgusting than a table blackened with their voracious curcuses.

Can they be got rid of? Perhaps not entirely; but their numbers can be so greatly lessened as to produce but an insignificant annoyance. They are, like all animals, fond of eating; and their residence is taken up in the house because they find there the means of gratifying their wants. This fact dictates one mode of remedy. Cut off the supplies—starve them out. They will not stay with you if they find the larder impervious, but will write you down a miser and seek better quarters. Heed not their slanders—fear not their sarcasms—but resolutely refuse them bread; assured that their good graces are dearly bought at any price. Let the pantry, closet, larder or whatever place provisions of any kind are kept in, be shut and darkened; or if this is impracticable, close its windows with fine netting and see that the door is well guarded. Then let all provisions be put into glass dishes, jars, or boxes. When things are put upon the table, let it be, to the fullest extent possible, in covered dishes; and in short be stingy with them to such a degree that famine is certain on your premises. No one who has not tried this mode can imagine its efficacy.

Much may be done also by driving them out daily, and keeping them out. If a room has windows only on one side, it is said that if coarse window netting with meshes an inch wide be hung over them, the flies will not pass it.

In the way of killing them, different substances are recommended; but it is to be doubted if any mode of doing this will be entirely successful as long as they are well fed; for the hundred who attend the funeral of each slain one will carry where so good accommodations are offered them. If they are restricted to short feed, however, the murdering process may be carried on with great success, and those caught in tumblers and ground between shingle clappers will diminish the swarm.

In the way of poisoning, cobalt mixed with molasses or whiskey will stay its thousands. It is said also that if very strong green tea, very well sweetened, be put on a plate in their way it will be fully as destructive. And in addition the Cincinnati Chronicle recommends the following:

"It is perhaps not generally known that black pepper (not red) is a poison for many insects. The following simple mixture will destroy the common house fly: Take equal portions of fine black pepper, fresh ground, and sugar; say enough of each to cover a ten cent piece; moisten and mix well with a spoonful of milk; (a little cream is better) drop that in your room and you will keep down your flies. One advantage over other poisons is, that it injures nothing else."

MR. EDITOR.—Noticing a piece in the last week's Spy, headed "Aphides on Plants—Plant Lice," and as I doubt not you would like information respecting the effects of the remedy there prescribed, I will inform you that I have applied it to my trees, and have found it to be a very effectual one. I have a lot of scedling trees, about one thousand in number, which had become some affected with lice, and they being of very vigorous growth, it pained me to see them suffer, even in the slightest degree, by these intruders. I therefore set myself immediately about applying the best remedies I could devise to destroy them: in the first place I applied slacked lime when the trees were wet, but as this appeared not to do much good, I syringed on lime-water. This proving as ineffectual, I tried very strong vinegar, but all appeared to no purpose, and I made up my conclusions that any remedy to my knowledge that would kill the lice, would be likely to destroy the trees; but seeing recommended in your paper a wash of clay and water, as a last resort I applied it to my trees by bending the tops of them over into a low vessel filled with the wash, but as it did not seem inclined to stick very well, I put in a little lime, letting it slack, and mixing it well with the liquid. This stuck much better, and nearly all of the lice were killed, and the trees were saved. I consider this to be the best remedy that can be applied, as it is perfectly harmless to the trees, and very effectual.

Yours most respectfully, H. H.
(Massachusetts Spy.)

TAR THE SHEEP'S NOSES. In August and September, and perhaps the latter part of July, a fly, which is very troublesome to sheep, lays eggs in their nostrils, which are hatched, and the young worms ascend into their heads, where they become very distressing, often causing death, unless some powerful remedy be applied to cause their ejection or destruction. The better way is to prevent the evil.

Tar is considered the best remedy. By tarring the sheep's noses the injury will be avoided. The better way to effect this object is to lay tar on the upper side, and the sheep will perform the operation of sneezing; or take a stick of timber, dress the upper side, and bore in some large deep holes two or three inches deep, put some salt in these holes, and once a week, or oftener, put tar around the edges of the holes.

Sheep suffer much from these flies at the time they are assaulted, and they often run with their noses to the ground in order to avoid these verminous flies, or they will run their noses into the dust, or upon an opportunity presents, and for this purpose some persons plough up the earth on spots often frequented by sheep in hot weather.

The application of tar, as here recommended, is conducive to the health of sheep, otherwise than by preventing the evil we have named. It is good for colds and other disorders. (Boston Cultivator.)

TO PROTECT HENS FROM VERMIN. A gentleman from Hanover requests us to state the fact, that *Fenugreek* sown in their nests, will perfectly and certainly protect hens from the annoyance of vermin. He generally makes the nest entirely of this strong scented herb. (Southern Planter.)

Sheep Farming—Fine Wool Growing.

You solicit experimental knowledge in the growth of fine wool and sheep; I will give some of my experience, as I have been in the business ever since I was sixteen years old, or for the last twenty years I find in keeping sheep, there are many things to be considered; the first, perhaps, is the profit derived; the clearing of the land and improvement of the soil.

I find, that to have sheep shear 5 lbs. of wool, and upwards, I could keep good pasture all summer, and be kept with great care in winter; and only thirty or forty in a flock; also, that the sprouting of land must be done with a grubbing hoe at an expense of one hundred dollars a year, for at least ten years, on my place, as there was more than half of it entirely covered with brush of one kind or other, when I came in possession of it five years since. I believe this to be the condition of most all the grazing lands in Ohio. The great growth of wool, likewise reduces the price 8 or 10 cents per lb., as is well known by all who go to the Boston market.

The first question asked by Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Slater, and other fine wool manufacturers, is, what will your fleeces weigh? and if you tell them they will average 3-12 lbs., or more, they say at once, it is not worth while to look at it, as we do not work that kind—it is too strong a growth for our machinery.

I keep, at present, between seven and eight hundred sheep, they will not average quite 3 lbs., including the lambs' fleeces. With this stock I do one hundred dollars worth of grubbing annually, by fencing off small pieces at a time, from fifteen to thirty acres, according to the size of the flock I wish to turn on, so as not to keep them on too long before changing. The dry sheep ought to be selected for this purpose, as the ewes and young lambs must be better treated to give them sufficient growth for winter. In this way, I raise, at least eight hundred lbs. more wool and keep as much as other stock. The farm I speak of, contains four hundred acres, about one half well improved, the other as I stated above. It sustains forty head of cattle and horses, and thirty hogs, on an average, in addition to the sheep, all of them summer and winter, besides plowing 50 acres annually. It will, in this condition, turn the interest of fifty dollars per acre, or fifteen per cent. annually, on the purchase, besides the expense of labor.

Respectfully yours, J. T. POSELEY.
Elmwood, Fayette County, Ohio.

Remarks.—We think friend P. uses a little too strong language in speaking of the Boston (or Lowell) wool purchasers. As a general rule, it is true that the weight of the fleece is increased at the expense of its fineness; but it is also true there are some exceptions to that rule; and the manufacturers named, do sometimes find fleeces weighing over 3-12 lbs. that are sufficiently fine for their purposes. The wool from the flock of Col. Randall, is a case in point, and others could be named. (Editor.)

(Ohio Cultivator.)

On Preserving Springs and Streams.—On reading some remarks on the effect produced upon springs and streams of water in Russia, by cutting off wood, and having observed the decrease of a stream in this place by the removal of the wood and timber from the valley which supplies its water, I offer some remarks on the cultivation of the cedar, as a suitable tree to form a forest to promote a supply of water to streams and springs. The cedar forms the coolest and the darkest shade to a forest of any tree with which I am acquainted; and can be easily cultivated in all wet places, where the mud is more than one foot deep, provided the trees are set in a proper manner, as soon as the old wood is cut off; or before the bushes have grown so as to shade the land. As the roots are near the surface of the ground the trees should be set very shallow. The cedar when set in a swamp where the soil is good, becomes a very thrifty tree, and produces an abundance of seeds at an early age, and disseminates them around over a considerable tract, so that many young trees will be produced if protected from the bushes. The seeds seldom germinate in a very thick shade. With a tree that is transplanted so well, could not thousands of acres, now useless to the owner, be rendered valuable? It is hoped that some of your correspondents will enlighten the public by giving their views on the subject. (Boston Cultivator.)

BUTS IN HORSES.—Having witnessed the effect of a certain medicine for the bots, on a sure mine, which was taken very violently and was retained in a short time by medicine prepared by Mr. S. Ellis, I send the recipe for publication. Take one quart of urine, three spoonfuls of soft soap, three spoonfuls of salt, four teaspoonfuls of gunpowder, and the white of two eggs; stir it well together, and drench the horse; be careful not to let him have much water for 24 hours.

I gave mine a second dose in about thirty minutes after the first, the attack being so violent. My mare has not had any symptoms of the bots since; and from what I have seen I believe it a certain cure. Friends, don't forget to try it, for it is persucution.

J. W. CLARK.
(Prairie Farmer.)

WATER FOR CALVES. Accident recently taught me, what, till then, I did not know, viz: that calves while fed on milk, need free access to water. I had supposed the milk (constituting their entire food) was enough without water. But in changing my calves from one pasture to another, they passed a water-trough, and drank heartily. I acted on the hint, and have since supplied them, and find they need water as often as older cattle. No day passed without their using more or less. Perhaps every body else knew this; but just some may be as ignorant as I was, I thought best to speak a kind word for the calves, who cannot speak for themselves. (Ohio Cultivator.)

Worms in Heads of Sheep.—Messrs. Editors.—I see by the Jan. number that some inquiry is made for a remedy for worms in the heads of sheep. Nothing has ever appeared as a remedy, excepting what a gentleman from Vermont told me a few days ago.

Make a solution of salt and water and common pepper; with a syringe inject the mixture forcibly up the nostrils of the sheep. This is a perfect cure. (Prairie Farmer.)

FRUIT TREES. Instead of continuing the old practice of having alternate bearing and barren years for fruit trees, those who cultivate them would do well to note this fact: When young trees come into-bearing for the first time, about the time the fruit is setting, if the most of it is taken off, and this continued for a few years in succession, leaving every year about the same quantity on the trees, they will, by this time have become of sufficient size to be profitable, acquire the habit of bearing every year. (South Carolinian.)

The Lumbering Interest of Maine.
To the Editor of the Bangor Whig:
I have observed two articles in your paper, both speaking in regard to the quantity of lumber exported from Bangor. The last is nearly correct as regards the quantity. The last also speaks of a large proportion of the proceeds going out of the State, for stampage, &c. I have made the following calculations, from statistics in my possession, which will, perhaps, give a better view of the subject than those unacquainted with this great and growing business would be able to gather from the two articles referred to, and which will enable them to judge of the importance of the lumber of Maine to the State, as a means of converting labor into money. I contend the wealth of a State very much depends upon the means it possesses of employing its own inhabitants within its limits.

The facts stand nearly thus:	
Wages of laborers to get lumber,	\$900,000
Stampage,	600,000
Mill rent, or use of mills and machines,	200,000
Provisions used in boarding men,	240,000
Hay and grain,	450,000
Labor and oxen,	60,000
Hauling hay and grain,	70,000
	2,520,000
Profits of the business,	480,000

This calculation is based upon the fact that we have 150,000,000 feet of lumber, board measure, including timber, which is nearly correct. We surveyed 127,000,000 feet of boards and deal last season.

Now let us see what actually goes out of the State for stampage, &c., in producing this lumber. Stampage out of the State, \$150,000. Provisions for men and their families, 200,000. Corn for oxen, 112,000. Iron, steel, and tools, 37,000. Clothing for men and their families, 90,000.

Amount left in the State, \$2,411,000.

There are about 300 saw-mills and a large quantity of machines for cutting laths, clapboards, and shingles, which manufacture this lumber.

This is not all the lumber that is produced in Maine. The principal rivers besides the Penobscot, are the Saco, Androscoggin, Kennebec, Union, Narragansett, East and West Machias, and Schoodic Rivers, all furnishing large quantities—the Kennebec the largest, probably one million dollars worth. There are in the State about 1,000 saw-mills, not all producing as much per mill as those upon the Penobscot; but probably as much as more than 400,000,000 feet; the value of which, however, is much less per thousand than that cut on the Penobscot River, by one-third per thousand feet. Ten per cent. of the net amount of the sales of land and stampage received by Massachusetts is laid out in building roads in the interior. The raising of hay and provisions near the lumbering operations is a profitable business, and a plenty of the best of farming land can be had for a nominal price.

German Settlement.—A few days since, we visited the German Settlement now being established in Shelby county, in this State. They have located on the North River about six miles north of Shelbyville. They will number some two or three thousand, and appear to be working on the common stock principle. We saw in the field 25 or 30 acres of Irish potatoes. When they build business houses, they put up a frame from one to three hundred feet in length, and fill between the studding with a mixture of mud and straw, cover all in with one common roof, and then partition off rooms to suit their convenience. They have an extensive fire insurance (insured in the common way); they ditch, instead of fencing. They appear to be industrious and neat, and are said to be mostly from Pennsylvania. They have amongst them their own mechanics and professional men, and we think they will select from their own body their Representatives and County Officers, as they will act unitedly and outnumber the other citizens of Shelby. We would rejoice to see such a colony planted in Monroe. (Paris-Mercury.)

CURING HORSE'S EYES.—There is no disease so prevalent among horses at the south, as that of bad eyes. This is no doubt owing to the practice of putting them under the saddle before they are sufficiently strong. The result is an affection of the spine, manifesting itself by diseased eyes. We have a very fine animal but six years old affected in this way and from this cause. One eye is almost entirely useless, although inflammation was entirely removed by a seton leaving the pupil white. The other became inflamed covered with a bluish film, and a thick white spot had risen over nearly half the eye, when at the suggestion of an experienced stable keeper, we bled her at the nose by thrusting a pen knife into the soft flesh just above the nostril. The result was immediate reduction of the inflammation and restoration of sight, after a second incision. The same gentleman has recovered the eyes of two horses in the same way, which seemed entirely gone—one of them having actually sunk in the head. We consider the remedy an excellent one, and the matter of sufficient interest to give it publicity. The knife should be employed every two or three days until a cure is effected, which will almost certainly take place. At least we have full confidence in the remedy. Many very valuable horses may be saved in this simple way from becoming entirely blind. (Richmond Star.)

HAY MAKING. We suppose the farmers, one and all, are now busy at hay-making—like sixty, but having a merry time of it notwithstanding—literally "living in clover." It is wholesome and pleasant labor, excepting that professional part which we devote to perform when a lad—"turning the grindstone."

Of all things in the world most detested turning the grindstone to grind a new scythe—except attending Sunday school. We were obliged to do both. We had like to have forgotten, however, that we once churched butter, like a dog—no not exactly like a dog; for we stood up to it, like a man; or rather took hold of the dash as you would the handle of a primer in a dance, and sculled round with the music of the buttermill. That was tough work. But mowing, raking, and spreading hay is fun to writing editorials, and looking through a cartload of dry, musty exchange papers. (New York Mercury.)

THE RED ANT. The little red ant, where he is disposed to make himself familiar, is one of the greatest of all pests that afflict a household. He always on hand in the sugar bowl, makes the preserve dish a sort of every-day lounge; and if a choice pie is set away anywhere for an extra occasion, this little fellow is sure to find it out and keep guard there. Several modes are recommended to drive him away. One is to strew sugar leaves about the cupboard; another, to use cedar leaves instead; and a later one is to guard the particular treasure with common salt. For instance, says the N. Y. Farmer and Mechanic, if a safe or cupboard is to be kept from them, set it from the walls, so as to touch nothing laterally; then place a cup containing salt under each leg, so as to oblige the animals to travel through it. They will not do it. (Prairie Farmer.)

EARLY HARVEST.—The Alton Telegraph says: "A field of wheat on Scarritt's prairie, in this county, was harvested on the 13th of this month (June). This is the earliest we have ever known grain in this country to be fit for the sickle."

COMMONDOW PREBLE.—The ashes of Commondow Preble which have remained undisturbed for thirty-eight years in the family tomb in the Eastern cemetery, were recently removed by the order of his son to a new

A Horrible Chase.
The Ladies' National Magazine for July, edited by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, contains the following thrilling account of a family, a mother and her children, being chased by wolves:
A few years ago, toward the close of a winter's day, a mother and her children were travelling in Canada behind a one-horse sledge. Suddenly, from a forest, by which they were passing, issued a gang of wolves. It was a terrible moment when the mother first beheld these ravenous animals in full pursuit behind her; but she knew the only hope was in the superior swiftness of her horse, and so she retained sufficient presence of mind to urge him forward at the top of his speed. The noble animal seemed aware of his danger; he snorted fiercely on hearing the howl of the wolves, and dashed ahead at a fearful pace. On came the hungry animals, and fast fled the affrighted horse. Miles were soon passed over, but miles of trackless waste yet remained before the travellers would reach the first village.
Meantime the wolves gained on the fugitives. The mother clasped her babes closer to her bosom, as the howling animals came up, and running almost at the side of the sledge, threatening every moment to drag her and her little ones down, but the terrified horse now seemed to gain supernatural speed, and on he dashed with increased velocity, snorting with affright. For a while the wolves were left in the rear; but his speed soon slackened, and again they gained on the sledge. The horrible idea now occurred to the mother of throwing over one of her children, and thus staying for awhile the pursuit, for she had heard of such an alternative having once been resorted to. But she shrank from the temptation with a shudder. She urged on the horse again, and once more he sprang ahead and increased the distance between her and the wolves. Thus, for another hour she continued, the prey of alternate despair and hope. Now she seemed in the jaws of death—now an almost preternatural exertion of speed on the part of the horse gave her a momentary respite.
At length the village was in sight. But, horrible to relate, at this moment she heard a crack as if the sledge had given way. The runner had broke; she surrendered herself to despair. Through the fast gathering night she caught a view of the farm-house on the outskirts of the village. To die thus in sight of safety was terrible. She looked agonizingly on the faces of her children, who were now sobbing piteously; she shut her eyes on the scene that was to follow. But, strange to say, the sledge still held together, and the horse, recognizing his home, dashed forward at a pace that left the wolves far behind. She looked up once more; they were now close to the village. The inhabitants, by this time, had become alarmed; but the wolves kept up their pursuit to the very gate of the farm-house, and yielded their expected prey slowly and sullenly. The sledge, on examination, was found to be so much injured that it would inevitably have broken down before another mile. An escape like this surpasses any thing in fiction.

Divine Protection.
"I cannot go where universal love smiles not around."
[Thompson.]
What studded the blue arch of heaven with glittering lights? What formed the unknown depths of the ocean, and stored them with innumerable creeping things? What created the fair world of brightness and beauty?—What clothes our fields with green, and our valleys with corn? What glows
"Through all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent?"
The love of God—deep, unfathomable, limitless love!
It is this which speaks in the wild warbling of the feathered choir—we hear it in the pearly rivulet and the gushing stream—we see it in the bright flowers of spring; in the sparkling tints of the rose and the beautiful fragrance of the flower of the valley.
We hear it in the howling of the midnight storm and in the summer breathings of the gentle zephyr. We see it in the bright beams of the kind of day, and in the milder glory of the queen of night.
"Thou art, O God, the life and light,
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee,
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT. How few men seem to have formed a conception of the original dignity of their nature, or the exalted design of their creation. Regarding themselves only as creatures of time, endowed merely with animal passions and intellectual faculties, their projects, aims and expectations are circumscribed by the narrow outline of human life.—They forget that instability and decay are written, as with a sunbeam, upon all earthly objects—that this world with all its pagentry, pomp, and power, is crumbling into dust—that this life is scarcely deserving of a single thought, excepting as it forms the introduction to another, and that he alone acts a prudent or rational part, who frames his plans with direct reference to that future and endless state of being. Sin has so blinded the understanding, and debased the affections, that men never fail to invest some temporal good with fancied perfection, and idly imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desires and fill the capacities of the immortal spirit!—How little do they know themselves! The soul is not of the earth, and they will strive in vain to chain it to the dust. Though its native strength has been impaired, and its purity tarnished, and its "glory changed," it will not always be a prisoner here. Send it forth, if you will, to range through the whole material universe, and like the dove dismissed from the ark, it will return without finding a single place to rest—for it has no resting place but the bosom of God.—[Phil. Ledger.]

DON'T DESPAIR OF THE MOST HARDENED.—Make no calculation that any are so strong, proud, wicked, prejudiced, or unbelieving, that the Gospel cannot subdue them. They have souls, and they have feelings. They often feel misgivings, and fears, and remorse, to which God alone is witness. How can you tell that God has not sent you to speak to such a person at just such a time? Besides, God's Spirit is to do the work, and that Spirit can do anything. Beware of limiting Omnipotence. [Christian Citizen.]

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, kindness should begin on ours.

Maine Farmer.
AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work. of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Notions." Fancy jobs, printed with all the different colored inks.

Another Triumph of Perseverance.
RUFUS W. GRIWOLD. The June number of Graham's Magazine contains, among its embellishments, a portrait of the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article,—also a sketch of the man himself, his acquirements, writings, &c. The editor calls him a "biographer, critic, antiquary, theologian." Our object in noticing him, is mainly for the purpose of inciting in others that spirit of industry and perseverance which has won for him an enviable reputation in the literary world. He is a young man, being about thirty years of age. He is a reviewer says of him: "He studied theology, was seduced from preaching into editing, forsook the newspapers to travel, and, storing his mind richly by observation and study, settled down as a man of letters." * * * Mr. G. has devoted himself chiefly to home subjects. In pamphlets and reviews he has written largely of our political and general history. Our literary annals, such as they are, he knows by heart. * * * Since the Pilgrims landed, no man or woman has written any thing, on any subject, which has escaped his untiring research. Much of his time has been expended in labors whose usefulness is not readily appreciated. He has made many a thorny path of investigation smooth for the future historian, without receiving any other reward for his industry than the praise of the few who share his peculiar enthusiasm, and the satisfaction of successful research. * * * Mr. Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" is altogether a work of great merit. It has been well received, both at home and abroad. * * * His "Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century" is a survey of this department of British literature for the period embraced in the "Poets of America"; and a comparison of the first half century of American with the last half century of English poetry will show that "Young England" has much less cause of exultation over us on this ground than is generally imagined. We conceive that Mr. Griswold could not have given a more satisfactory vindication of American genius and taste than by thus placing their results in contrast with the productions of the first class of foreign contemporaries. We mean, of course, that some regard should be had, in making any comparison and estimate, to the circumstances of production. * * * Mr. Griswold has now in press a Survey of our Prose Literature, to be published in the ensuing autumn, and he has been a considerable time engaged on the *Biographical Americana*, a work of great extent and laborious research. * * * There are numerous published testimonials of the estimation in which he is held for his kindness of heart. That charming young writer, James Bayard Taylor, dedicates to Mr. Griswold his "Ximena and Other Poems," as "AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE FOR THE KIND ENCOURAGEMENT HE HAS SHOWN THE AUTHOR." The Rev. James Watson inscribes to him a volume of Discourses, as the "FIRST FRUITS OF A MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE FOR WHICH THE AUTHOR IS CHIEFLY INDENTED TO HIM." And we might quote other such records of the respect and affection in which he is held, justifying the prediction of Mrs. Lewis, in her graceful and popular "Records of the Heart," that
"The living will his name rever,
And bless him wherever his steps may lead;
The spirits of the dead will hover near,
And guard his wandering way, through dangers dark and drear."
"About three years ago Mr. Griswold resumed his original profession, and now occasionally officiates at the desk. His acquirements in theology are very extensive. In his doctrinal notions he is inflexibly orthodox, and entertains some dogmas of peculiar firmness. * * * In theology he is all muscle and bone. His sermons are his finest compositions, and he delivers them from the pulpit with taste and eloquence.—Mr. Griswold is still a young man—a very young man to have accomplished so much—and he may look with confidence to a high place among our literary men, if he continues to apply his great acquirements and talents in the pursuit of letters." * * *
Now, who is this Rufus W. Griswold? He is a Green Mountain boy, and was, a few years since, a poor journeyman printer. Twelve or fourteen years ago, this same Griswold worked at the case, "attacking types" for a livelihood, "away down East" in the State of Maine, and bade no fairer of making what he now is, than many other inky, jolly, reckless youths whom we could mention. But he has since applied himself—has toiled day and night—has studied almost incessantly—and we now see the result of his industry and perseverance. Griswold went from Maine to his native State, where he established the *Vergennes Vermonter*, which he published a short time. He then went to New York, and there started the *Brother Jonathan*. This he sold out, and then proceeded to Philadelphia, and there, for a time, edited Graham's American Monthly Magazine. Since his residence in the latter city, he has been honored with the appointment of professor in one of the western colleges.

MURDER. The Bangor Mercury of last Thursday states that, in Bradley, a man by the name of P. B. Otis was cruelly beaten and trampled upon by one Richard Varney, which caused his subsequent death. Varney is now in prison, awaiting his trial on a charge of murder.

NEW MIRROR. This popular weekly journal of literature has found its way to our table once more. N. P. Willis, one of its editors, is now in Europe, where he will remain for some time, writing letters to the Mirror, which will no doubt be interesting to all. His first epistle has made its appearance.

We have also received from the publishers a number of the Mirror Library, containing Beckford's romance of *Vathek*.

We had showers in this town every day last week, and on Sunday of this week it commenced raining in the afternoon, and poured down nicely till after midnight. Our farmers go in for a fair spell now.

Still another smart rain on Monday night.

A new steamer, the *Phoenix*, has been put upon the route between Hallowell and Waterville. She also makes pleasure excursions twice a week to Boothbay. She is said to be a first rate little craft.

The New Bedford Register copies a couple of our articles, crediting the same to a neighboring paper. Who cares?

POLITICAL.

The Whigs of Maine are to hold a State Convention in the city of Portland, on Thursday next, August 7th, to nominate a candidate for Governor.

The Democrats have already nominated as their candidate for re-election, the present incumbent of the gubernatorial chair, Hon. H. J. Anderson.

The Whigs of the 4th (Kennebec) Senatorial District, are to hold a meeting at the Court House, in this village, on Monday, the 11th day of August, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of nominating Senators.

The Whigs of Kennebec will also hold a county convention on the afternoon of the same day, at the same place, to nominate candidates for one County Commissioner, County Attorney and County Treasurer.

The Democrats of the Kennebec Senatorial District will meet in Convention, on August 10th, on Thursday, August 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M., to nominate candidates for the Senate.

The Democrats will also hold a County Convention on the same day, at the same place, for the purpose of nominating county officers.

The Democrats of Washington County met in convention at East Machias on the 10th instant, and nominated the following candidates: Col. George Comstock of Lubec, for County Commissioner; Albert Pillsbury, Esq. of Machias, for Clerk of the Judicial Courts; Samuel A. Morse, Esq. of Machias, for County Treasurer; and Thomas J. D. Fuller, Esq. of Calais, for County Attorney.

ELECTIONS IN AUGUST.—A number of important State elections are to come off in the month of August, involving the choice of 47 representatives, and (in Tennessee) 1 senator in Congress. They are as follows:
North Carolina, August 7, Legislature and 9 M. C.
Tennessee, " 7, Gov., Leg., and 11 " "
Kentucky, " 4, Legislature and 10 " "
Indiana, " 4, " " 10 " "
Alabama, " 4, " " 7 " "
Illinois, " 4, " " 7 " "
Missouri, " 4, " " 7 " "
These will complete the elections for the 29th Congress, in all the States except Maryland, (6) which votes in Oct., and Mississippi, (4) in Nov. The States of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, have 1 member each to elect to supply vacancies in the delegations.

Portable Shower Bath.
The increased use of the bath has led to improvements in the mode of applying water to the person, in such a way and manner as is most desired at the time.
You will find the portable shower bath a very convenient and economical apparatus for applying water to yourself or others, in a gentle shower, which is sometimes so efficacious.
It is made of tin, is small and light, and when not in use will not take up much room. It may be used in the bed-chamber with perfect ease. We would recommend it to those who wish to try the shower bath. It should be kept in every family. If you shouldn't want to shower yourself or children, it would do very well to shower your flower garden in a dry time.

Winthrop Woolen Factory.
This establishment, which commenced operations in Winthrop village this spring, is now in full blast. The machinery is principally new, and you will find as good articles of satinetts, tweeds, cassimeres, and flannels, manufactured there, as at any factory in New England. The farmer who does not feel willing to sell his wool at the present unaccountably low prices, had better convert it into cloth, which will be done for him as reasonable and in as good shape at this mill as any other.
Specimens of their work will be found, for wholesale and retail, at Messrs. Stanley & Clark's store, in Winthrop.

THE HAY CROP.—Our farmers are in the midst of this important harvest; and we are happy to state, that, although the season was at first very unfavorable for grass, and promised a scanty return, the results are very good. In this vicinity the crop is nearly as abundant as it was the last season, and the quality is undoubtedly far better. For the last week the weather, owing to the frequent showers, has been rather unfavorable for getting the hay into the barn, but the benefit which has resulted to the other crops, from the seasonable rains, more than counterbalances this trouble.

HAIL STORM.—A severe hail storm passed over a section of East Livermore, on Tuesday last week. The tornado was about a mile in width, and extended five or six miles. The hail did great damage to the crops, in some instances completely destroying them. A house undergoing repairs was blown down, and much other damage done.

BIG EGGS.—Our friend, Jesse Wadsworth, of East Livermore, seeing some bragging in the Farmer about big eggs, thought he would look over some that his hens had been laying. He brought us a half a dozen that weighed seventeen ounces in all. Can your hens beat that? His hens were of the breed which were formerly introduced into the country, by Sanford Howard, Esq., while he had charge of the Vaughan farm.

WONDERFUL PATRIOTS.—An exchange paper says all the postmasters are resigning. One hundred resignations have already reached Washington. We suppose some of them resign because the *lances and fishes* have been curtailed by the new postage law, and some of them resign, to prevent being kicked out.

CONY FEMALE ACADEMY. We have received from the instructors, a catalogue of the officers and members of the Cony Female Academy, Augusta, for the year ending July 25, 1846. The Trustees are: Rev. A. Cony, M. D., John H. Hartwell, Esq., Rev. John H. Ingraham, Hon. Nathan Weston, and Hon. Rufus Williams. The instructors are, Jonathan Edwards, A. M., and Newton Edwards, A. B. Whole number of pupils, 89. The next term of this flourishing institution is to commence on Monday, August 18th, at 9 o'clock A. M., and it is desirable that all who intend to join the school should be present on Monday morning. Tuition, from \$4.00 to \$7.00 a term. One half the tuition of those who are from out of town is paid by the Trustees. There is a Boarding House connected with the Academy, with accommodations for some twenty or thirty pupils, where board may be obtained at a cost of about \$1.50 per week. Instruction is given in the English, French, Latin and Greek studies.

Boston is now supplying Philadelphia with ice.

Steamboat Traveling.
Competition in this as in other matters, is bringing down fares, and nowhere more than between Kennebec and Boston, where it is now kept up with an even and steady hand between the old and new lines. On a recent trip we went in one boat, and spirits pretty freely, though he was never reported as an intemperate man, and on that day, had been drinking immoderately of cider. A short time before the murder, he had used some threatening language towards his wife—to which, when in that condition, he was much addicted—and he had often been guilty of violence, as well as insolence towards her.

Their only child, a boy of 14 years, was sent away by his father about 5 o'clock, P. M.—to attend to the cattle—the parents being the only persons remaining in the house, in his absence. On his return, about half an hour after, he met his father at the gate, who requested him not to go into the house, as he feared he had killed his mother. The boy ran away in alarm and aroused the neighbors, who soon arrived and entered the house where they found the body of Mrs. Woodford, horribly mangled, lying in a pool of blood on the floor. Her forehead over the left eye was beaten in, apparently by three blows with the head of an axe, directly upon one place—crushing and mangle the head in the most ghastly manner. There was also a cut, as with the edge of an axe on the side of her head, above the ear.

Also, a cut on the sharp knife, from the corner of her mouth down the cheek, an inch or two. Also a dreadful gash in her stomach, four and a half inches long, and so deep as to let out the intestine, evidently made by a sharp knife. She was still gasping when discovered, and continued to breathe faintly for about fifteen minutes. An axe stained with blood was found near the body. Mr. Woodford is a man of very violent temper, and at this time seems to have given way to fancied provocation, under the influence of unnatural excitement.—Mrs. W. was a church member, and highly esteemed as an excellent member of society and of her family.

Woodford made no attempt to escape—but allowed himself to be bound by the neighbors, and the next day he was examined before Justice Day, and committed for trial. He seemed, through the whole examination, to be entirely unmoved, and his eye was not once seen to moisten, as the sickening details of the evidence were presented, and when he left, in custody of the officer, for prison, although the trial was at his own house and the mangled corpse of the wife with whom he had lived for twelve years, lay in the next room, he did so, without requesting to be allowed to look at the body. Mrs. W. was 47 years of age—Mr. W. of about the same age.

[Hartford Courant.]

LOSS OF SHIP CENTURION.—Ship Centurion, of Newcastle, Me., Clark, from New Orleans for Boston, was swept ashore by the current on Nantucket South Shoal, at 9 1/2 o'clock on Friday evening last. Capt. Clark states that he had an observation at 4 P. M., by chronometer, and judged himself to be twenty-four miles west of South Shoal. Had been sounding from 2 P. M., and fifteen minutes before she struck, had sixteen fathoms of water.—At that time the ship was standing on the wind to starboard. In a few minutes saw a ripple, which was judged to be shoal water: kept the ship off to east when she immediately struck on South Shoal.—Sounded the pumps, and in five minutes had two feet of water, and in one hour twelve feet. Capt. Clark left the ship with a boat and four men, for assistance, and in the morning fell in with fishing schooners Fairview and Freedom, of Wellfleet, who went to the wreck at 9 A. M., Saturday, at which time the ship had bilged, and the water was half way to the upper deck, and the ship breaking to pieces. The schooners went as near the wreck as possible, and succeeded in saving sails and part of rigging. Remained by the wreck until 10 P. M., Saturday, when the ship had settled, and the water was over the comings of the hatch. Also saved about thirty bales cotton. The schooners arrived at this port yesterday forenoon. Capt. Clark states that the current was running 4 1/2 miles per hour when she struck. Cargo consisted of 106 bales of cotton, 97 bales of tobacco, 419 bales hemp, 843 hides, 6 bales buffalo hides, 7000 staves, 6992 sacks of corn.—[Boston Journal.]

A PETRIED WOMAN.—A Mr. Woodford, of Warren County, Ohio, said to be a man of veracity, gives the *Easton Register*, the following account of a petried woman. It occurred near Lebanon.
"On the 6th day of last month, our venerable and much-esteemed friend, Mr. John C. Irwin, closed his earthly career in the full hope of a happy immortality. On the following day an appropriate funeral discourse was delivered by Elder W. Clark. His remains were decently interred in the grave-yard near West Lebanon. Some time previous to his death, he expressed a desire that the body of his first wife should be removed to this grave, accordingly, on the 24th ult., the citizens of Lebanon and the vicinity, undertook to remove the remains of Mrs. Irwin. I went with others in search of the grave. We found it on a very high point of white oak ground, near Rock Creek, where they had formerly lived. And when we had opened the grave down to her coffin, we found it about one-fourth of a mile from the place where it was buried; however, we got several pieces of bark under it, to bind it together and lift it out. From the great weight of the coffin, we were curious to see it opened; and to our utter astonishment, there lay the body in full size! It was covered with a thin layer of dirt, which appeared to be alive with very little worms of a yellow color, but they soon disappeared when exposed to the air. When we came to examine more minutely, we found that the body had perished, and become a smooth white lime-stone in appearance. The head and neck were not touched, nothing remained but the naked bones. The feet had also perished, and fell off at the ankle joint, and the stone appeared shelly. At the knee joints the legs appeared to be solid stone. Around each leg, where she wore her garters—being a very fleshy woman—the garters had made a very deep impression, and this impression was plainly visible in the stone, except some parts where it appeared solid. The thickness of the stone was about that of common Spanish sole leather."

MACKEREL FISHING IN GLOUCESTER.—A writer in the *Boston Herald*, gives the result of three weeks' fishing off Swampscott, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th insts:—"Four ladies caught 90 mackerel; two gentlemen, 600 mackerel, besides 4 haddock, 2 rock cod, 3 pollock, 1 scallop—total 760!" This he considered great doing! If he had been in our harbor on Monday last, he could have told a "bigger story." Those who were fishing did not stop to count the fish by hundreds, but measured them by the barrel. Many (not experienced fishermen) took a barrel in less than an hour and a half. Those who were used to it, took between two and three barrels; and one person, we understood, took three barrels and a half, which, estimated three hundred to a barrel. Some count upwards of 1000 mackerel!

But the "biggest story" is yet to be told! A sein which measures three hundred feet in length, and twenty-seven feet deep, was set on Wednesday morning, off Wansan's Neck, and on being pulled ashore it enclosed an immense quantity of mackerel. When the ends of the sein reached the beach the space between the front of the sein and the shore was one solid mass of fish, and those who were present estimated there were a thousand barrels enclosed!!! But the shore where they were taken was rocky, and in tripping the sein, nearly the whole of this immense mass escaped. Our informant, who was present, says that he never saw such an immense mass before, and that the water was entirely black with them. When the ends of the sein were dropped the fish would make their escape by thousands. About thirty barrels, however, were caught in the meshes of the sein.—[Gloucester Telegraph.]

OHIO.—We are glad to hear by our country exchanges, that the wheat crop has most agreeably disappointed the farmers. The smallness of the stock has been made up by the plumpness and fullness of the grain. Even in Stark county, and others in the neighborhood, where the crop was supposed to be very largely destroyed, it turned out to be very good. In the Miami country it never was better.—[Cincinnati Chronicle 11th inst.]

Arrival of the Great Western.
The steam ship Great Western, arrived at New York, Monday morning, 15 days and 22 hours from Liverpool, having left there the 5th day of July, at 11 1/2 o'clock A. M. She brought over 130 passengers.

The intelligence is only half a day later from London, yet of no afternoon of the 4th. There is no ship of interest.

Mr. Somes, the general ship-builder in the world had died suddenly. Recently he became a member of Parliament. He has left, it is said, two millions sterling of property.

Steam Communication with China.—On Tuesday, the first monthly mail direct to China, was dispatched via the overland route, and may be considered an epoch in the history of our intercourse with that vast empire. It will be conveyed to Ceylon by the Oriental Steam Company's vessels carrying the line between Ceylon and Hong Kong, touching at Penang and Singapore. By the arrangement Hong Kong is brought within forty-eight days post of London.

LATER FROM TEXAS.—By the way of New Orleans, we have Galveston dates to the 8th inst. As yet we have no intelligence of the proceedings of the Convention at Austin, that body commencing its session on the 4th, and it taking some six or seven days for news to reach Galveston.

Most of "the news" has reached us before.

The Galveston Citizen contains President Jones' veto of the bill reinstating Com. Moore to his rank in the navy. It is a worthy document.

The following resolution was introduced in the Texas Congress, on the last day of the session, but it seems that the House, after various motions, adjourned without acting upon the question:—

Resolved by the House of Representatives, That the course of the Executive in relation to the question of Annexation, has been unpropitious and unwise, attempting to thwart the people in their well known wish to re-unite themselves to the great political family of the United States, and the time again upon the troubled sea of a separate existence, to be the sport of a policy hostile to Liberty in both Hemispheres; and that he may not be enabled to throw further obstacles in the way of the great measure, and ultimately effect its defeat, we recommend to the Convention of the people of Texas, as to establish a Government ad interim, until the Constitution of the State of Texas shall go into effect, as being the most certain, effectual and economical mode of securing our Annexation to the United States.

The funeral solemnities in honor of the memory of General Jackson, were celebrated at Galveston, on the 4th, and were such as showed a high degree of respect for his character and services.

[Boston Bee.]

Electro Magnetic Telegraph.—We learn from the *Lowell Courier* that the Hon. F. O. J. Smith, of Me., on Wednesday evening, delivered a lecture on the character and advantages of the Magnetic Telegraph. He said in the course of his remarks, that a line of telegraphs was already contracted for, and would in a few months be completed, connecting the city of Washington with the city of Boston. On this great line eight wires would be laid; and he said by the President's Message could be transmitted from Washington to Boston in half an hour after it was known in Washington. He said if it made eight columns, the whole eight wires could be employed at one and the same time in transmitting telegrams to New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and all the intermediate towns on the route, and with the most perfect accuracy, even to fractions of figures. He urged the importance of a telegraphic communication between Lowell and Boston, and said that the cost of a two wire telegraph between said cities, would be about four thousand dollars; and he said, to insure those who would like to take the stock against loss, that the promoters of the telegraph would, if it was desired by the stockholders, bind themselves to lease the line for a period of ten years, and pay an interest of six per cent, upon the investment, with the most ample and undoubted security; so that there could be no loss and no risk about it.—[Boston Journal.]

Gen. Jackson's Last Will.—A Nashville letter writer, under date of June the 7th, gives this account of Gen. Jackson's will:—

"The last will and testament of the old hero was this day approved in our county court, and is of public record. He commences by giving his body to the dust, whence it came, his soul to God that gave it, &c., devoting his estate, first to the payment of two debts, viz: one of \$60,000, which he borrowed of Gen. Plancher of New Orleans; another of \$10,000, with interest, borrowed of Blair & Rives; and the balance to his son Andrew Jackson, Jr., with the exception of a few servants to his grand-children.

The sword presented to him by the State of Tennessee, he gives to A. J. Donelson, (his nephew), now charge d'affaires at Texas. The sword presented him at New Orleans, he leaves to Andrew Jackson Coffee, the son of his old friend General Coffee. The sword presented him at Philadelphia, he leaves to his grandson and namesake. The sword and pistols which he carried with him in British and Indian wars, he leaves to General R. Armstrong. The pistols of Washington, by him given to Lafayette, and by Lafayette given to Jackson, he leaves to George Washington Lafayette, the son of General Lafayette. Sundry other presents made him during his long and eventful career, are left with his adopted son, with instructions to him, that, in the event of war, they shall, upon the restoration of peace, be distributed amongst the poor of the city of Nashville, and the proceeds of the sale of the same, be applied to the purchase of land, in order to attend the wounded, and to administer the last consolations to the dying on both sides. They lately sent to Belmont to purchase corn and provisions for many families of Maronites, who had been driven from their homes and were in a state of destitution. Thirty thousand of these famishing beings were lingering near Beyrout.

Estimated Loss by the Great Fire.—We are strongly impressed with the idea that the amount of loss by the late fire is greatly over-estimated. Assuming that the value of the buildings destroyed would average seven thousand dollars each, and that there were one hundred buildings destroyed, the amount of available matter on the ground—the loss in buildings is about a million and a half. Add to this three millions for the goods destroyed, and the loss falls short of five millions. We are happy to add that probably nine-tenths of this loss falls upon men of wealth, who will in no way suffer for it. The Insurance Companies can pay, and their stock, since 1835, has not been held by widows and orphans, but by men of large means, who could afford to risk a few thousands in the hope of getting very large premiums. The effects of this great fire therefore, upon the business of the city, will not be perceptible after it has ceased to be a subject of conversation.—[N. Y. Courier.]

TAKE.—You may talk of affection, the ties of fellowship and all that, says Krantz, but I know of no stronger attachment than that which a sheriff entertains for a poor debtor who can't fork up.

Stemboat Traveling.
Competition in this as in other matters, is bringing down fares, and nowhere more than between Kennebec and Boston, where it is now kept up with an even and steady hand between the old and new lines. On a recent trip we went in one boat, and spirits pretty freely, though he was never reported as an intemperate man, and on that day, had been drinking immoderately of cider. A short time before the murder, he had used some threatening language towards his wife—to which, when in that condition, he was much addicted—and he had often been guilty of violence, as well as insolence towards her.

Their only child, a boy of 14 years, was sent away by his father about 5 o'clock, P. M.—to attend to the cattle—the parents being the only persons remaining in the house, in his absence. On his return, about half an hour after, he met his father at the gate, who requested him not to go into the house, as he feared he had killed his mother. The boy ran away in alarm and aroused the neighbors, who soon arrived and entered the house where they found the body of Mrs. Woodford, horribly mangled, lying in a pool of blood on the floor. Her forehead over the left eye was beaten in, apparently by three blows with the head of an axe, directly upon one place—crushing and mangle the head in the most ghastly manner. There was also a cut, as with the edge of an axe on the side of her head, above the ear.

Also, a cut on the sharp knife, from the corner of her mouth down the cheek, an inch or two. Also a dreadful gash in her stomach, four and a half inches long, and so deep as to let out the intestine, evidently made by a sharp knife. She was still gasping when discovered, and continued to breathe faintly for about fifteen minutes. An axe stained with blood was found near the body. Mr. Woodford is a man of very violent temper, and at this time seems to have given way to fancied provocation, under the influence of unnatural excitement.—Mrs. W. was a church member, and highly esteemed as an excellent member of society and of her family.

Woodford made no attempt to escape—but allowed himself to be bound by the neighbors, and the next day he was examined before Justice Day, and committed for trial. He seemed, through the whole examination, to be entirely unmoved, and his eye was not once seen to moisten, as the sickening details of the evidence were presented, and when he left, in custody of the officer, for prison, although the trial was at his own house and the mangled corpse of the wife with whom he had lived for twelve years, lay in the next room, he did so, without requesting to be allowed to look at the body. Mrs. W. was 47 years of age—Mr. W. of about the same age.

[Hartford Courant.]

LOSS OF SHIP CENTURION.—Ship Centurion, of Newcastle, Me., Clark, from New Orleans for Boston, was swept ashore by the current on Nantucket South Shoal, at 9 1/2 o'clock on Friday evening last. Capt. Clark states that he had an observation at 4 P. M., by chronometer, and judged himself to be twenty-four miles west of South Shoal. Had been sounding from 2 P. M., and fifteen minutes before she struck, had sixteen fathoms of water.—At that time the ship was standing on the wind to starboard. In a few minutes saw a ripple, which was judged to be shoal water: kept the ship off to east when she immediately struck on South Shoal.—Sounded the pumps, and in five minutes had two feet of water, and in one hour twelve feet. Capt. Clark left the ship with a boat and four men, for assistance, and in the morning fell in with fishing schooners Fairview and Freedom, of Wellfleet, who went to the wreck at 9 A. M., Saturday, at which time the ship had bilged, and the water was half way to the upper deck, and the ship breaking to pieces. The schooners went as near the wreck as possible, and succeeded in saving sails and part of rigging. Remained by the wreck until 10 P. M., Saturday, when the ship had settled, and the water was over the comings of the hatch. Also saved about thirty bales cotton. The schooners arrived at this port yesterday forenoon. Capt. Clark states that the current was running 4 1/2 miles per hour when she struck. Cargo consisted of 106 bales of cotton, 97 bales of tobacco, 419 bales hemp, 843 hides, 6 bales buffalo hides, 7000 staves, 6992 sacks of corn.—[Boston Journal.]

A PETRIED WOMAN.—A Mr. Woodford, of Warren County, Ohio, said to be a man of veracity, gives the *Easton Register*, the following account of a petried woman. It occurred near Lebanon.
"On the 6th day of last month, our venerable and much-esteemed friend, Mr. John C. Irwin, closed his earthly career in the full hope of a happy immortality. On the following day an appropriate funeral discourse was delivered by Elder W. Clark. His remains were decently interred in the grave-yard near West Lebanon. Some time previous to his death, he expressed a desire that the body of his first wife should be removed to this grave, accordingly, on the 24th ult., the citizens of Lebanon and the vicinity, undertook to remove the remains of Mrs. Irwin. I went with others in search of the grave. We found it on a very high point of white oak ground, near Rock Creek, where they had formerly lived. And when we had opened the grave down to her coffin, we found it about one-fourth of a mile from the place where it was buried; however, we got several pieces of bark under it, to bind it together and lift it out. From the great weight of the coffin, we were curious to see it opened; and to our utter astonishment, there lay the body in full size! It was covered with a thin layer of dirt, which appeared to be alive with very little worms of a yellow color, but they soon disappeared when exposed to the air. When we came to examine more minutely, we found that the body had perished, and become a smooth white lime-stone in appearance. The head and neck were not touched, nothing remained but the naked bones. The feet had also perished, and fell off at the ankle joint, and the stone appeared shelly. At the knee joints the legs appeared to be solid stone. Around each leg, where she wore her garters—being a very fleshy woman—the garters had made a very deep impression, and this impression was plainly visible in the stone, except some parts where it appeared solid. The thickness of the stone was about that of common Spanish sole leather."

MACKEREL FISHING IN GLOUCESTER.—A writer in the *Boston Herald*, gives the result of three weeks' fishing off Swampscott, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th insts:—"Four ladies caught 90 mackerel; two gentlemen, 600 mackerel, besides 4 haddock, 2 rock cod, 3 pollock, 1 scallop—total 760!" This he considered great doing! If he had been in our harbor on Monday last, he could have told a "bigger story." Those who were fishing did not stop to count the fish by hundreds, but measured them by the barrel. Many (not experienced fishermen) took a barrel in less than an hour and a half. Those who were used to it, took between two and three barrels; and one person, we understood, took three barrels and a half, which, estimated three hundred to a barrel. Some count upwards of 1000 mackerel!

But the "biggest story" is yet to be told! A sein which measures three hundred feet in length, and twenty-seven feet deep, was set on Wednesday morning, off Wansan's Neck, and on being pulled ashore it enclosed an immense quantity of mackerel. When the ends of the sein reached the beach the space between the front of the sein and the shore was one solid mass of fish, and those who were present estimated there were a thousand barrels enclosed!!! But the shore where they were taken was rocky, and in tripping the sein, nearly the whole of this immense mass escaped. Our informant, who was present, says that he never saw such an immense mass before, and that the water was entirely black with them. When the ends of the sein were dropped the fish would make their escape by thousands. About thirty barrels, however, were caught in the meshes of the sein.—[Gloucester Telegraph.]

OHIO.—We are glad to hear by our country exchanges, that the wheat crop has most agreeably disappointed the farmers. The smallness of the stock has been made up by the plumpness and fullness of the grain. Even in Stark county, and others in the neighborhood, where the crop was supposed to be very largely destroyed, it turned out to be very good. In the Miami country it never was better.—[Cincinnati Chronicle 11th inst.]

Journal of Management Studies, 36(7), 809-826.

The Must.

The Editor Sat in his Sanctum.

The editor sat in his sanctum,
In a happy plight was he;
Fain would he fall in a thinking fit,
For he was at the extreme of his wit.
As to know what his leader should be.

He had read his brain so often,
The soil seemed barren grown;
The forest of wit, was full to the stump,
The flowers of fancy were gone, save a clump
Where the seed had but lately been sown.

He fished in the river of knowledge,
But his angling-line was short;
"Surely there's plenty of fish in the sea,"
But it is as plain as a whole, quoth he,
"In deeper waters they're caught."

He dived to the bed of his ocean,
Where the pearls did rest about;
He raked and dredged the brainy mud,
That lies below the emerald flood,
But not an oyster he found.

"Ah! what shall I do!" he murmured;
"The devil will be here soon;
Mechanics his tones on his tympanum stir,
The men are all waiting for copy, sir,
And now it is after noon."

"It hath been quoted often,
With a full need of credit,
The maxim writ in Waterbury spoke in his day,
"Never to speak till you've something to say,"
And to stop when you have said it."

"Ah! good advice to a person,"
He went on to say;
"But I would ask, who ever said it, or
Hinted such a thing to a hair-brained editor,
From his birth to his dying day?"

He rose in his mental anguish,
And turned the key in his door;
The devil soon came, and loudly did knock,
But the editor sat as still as a rock,
And the devil then knocked the more.

The editor leaned on his patience,
As on a cushion;
And he sat him down, and he rocked away,
While fancy began in his mind to play,
And thought to settle there.

He neither swore nor cursed,
He despised a word profane;
And with a calm and steady eye,
He looked on the devil as he came,
And the devil was mean and vain.

The devil and the editor long
Maintained the battle and strife;
For the ink-jug kept continually knocking,
And the editor kept unconsciously rocking,
And thinking as for his life.

His fancies came like a morning
In the beautiful time of May;
And thoughts like the rays of light shot out,
And tremulously glimmered and twinkled about,
Till his mind was as clear as day.

The devil was drumming and drumming
As on a drum;
The editor cared not a whit for his thumps,
But quietly rubbed his ideal bumps,
Till the flood began to pour.

Down to the tips of his fingers,
When he caught the paper and pen,
And beautiful things from the bedlides air
Were called into being, and written down there,
A blessing to true hearted men.

Truth shone on the face of the paper,
And the editor's heart was light,
For noble the man among noble men,
Who fears not to play a truth-telling pen
For God and for human right.

He sprang to the door of his sanctum,
As swift as a Grecian winner,
Who reaches the goal in Olympian race,
And the copy he pushed in the ink devil's face,
And thankfully went to his dinner.

The Story Teller.

THE HOCUS-POCUS.

BY MERRILL C. YOUNG.

PARTLY concealed within the borders of a wood, which skirts a scene where a prairie "stretched in boundless beauty lies," is situated a charming little cottage, nestled in shade and the seclusion beneath the foliage of overshadowing boughs. On the piazza in front of this dwelling, a venerable sucker, (named Gordon) was seated, one Summer afternoon, building dreams of thrift as he surveyed his plantation, enameled with heavy crops ripening into plenty. Now, as our sweetest dreams are fleetest and quickest to close, it is not strange that his, although pleasant, were soon terminated by some one shouting:—

"Hallo, old dad."

"Hallo yourself and discover how it feels," he retorted, and turning simultaneously with his reply, his eye fell upon a young man, a stranger to him, leaning on the yard-fence.

"Excuse me," said the stranger; "may be you might be so clever as to tell a chap who owns that wheat field up a-side the timber, wout you?"

"Wall I will! I own it?"

"Dew say?" said the stranger. But ain't it mighty cute that you allow four legged animals and sich critters to be in it?"

"But I don't," said Gordon.

"I seen a hoss in it though as I kum along," remarked the stranger, dryly.

"A hoss in my wheat?" exclaimed the Sucker. "Zangs and lightning!—Here Blucher! Santa Anna, h-e-r-e, h-e-r-e."

His call had the effect to bring forth two dogs; one a hound, with legs half as long as an Eastern Schoolmaster's, the other a bull, the peculiar quirk of whose under jaw might lead you to mistrust that he was ever fond of what the knowing ones call the "grab-game." Attended with these, he trotted off in "hot haste," the dogs wagging their tails as their old master wagged his tongue urging them to pursue.

The young stranger after wagging his chin a little awry, and indulging in a light laugh that made him look suspiciously waggish, walked to the cottage door—and, then, without ceremony—into the parlor. Here, finding himself alone, he commenced a survey of the apartment. Before he had much leisure, however, either to observe or admire the taste and elegance combined in every thing around him, he was entranced by a gush of rich, wild melody, succeeded by the sound of light foot-steps, and instantly flitted a creature of beauty and comeliness into his presence. Oh! that fair rosy-cheeked damsel, the very personification of blitheness. She was startled though, when her soft blue eyes encountered the stranger; and was hastily withdrawing, in danger; which she chanced to cast another glance—her countenance changed from fright to gladness—she uttered the name, Henry Leslie—and then ran—not out of the door, but snatched into the young stranger's arms. What an extraordinary act—in-fat-u-a-tion. She let him—let him—kiss her, too; and listened to his impassioned language—why what did the girl mean? Their conversation will, perhaps suffice to explain.

"Clarisse," said the stranger, "Clarisse, my beautiful idol, I have come, to claim you for my own."

"O Henry, I fear that our hopes will never change to realities. I love you, very, very much; but my father dislikes you merely because you are a Yankee lawyer. He is obstinate and will not consent," and the rosy flush fled the lady's cheek.

"Do not fear, Clarisse," said Henry Leslie. "I can and will remove his prejudice. I know how to work on a farm; and as he does not know me I will hire to him under an assumed name, and by the merit of honest worth and virtue, win a place in his affections."

Their hopes excited, and consequently their anxieties lulled by the reasonableness of this plan, the two seated themselves on the sofa and enjoyed those bright, angel-plumed delights with which a reciprocal of love inspires young hearts. When Gordon returned, however, he found the young stranger alone—Clarisse having deemed it prudent to retire at the sound of her father's footsteps. Gordon was glad that the stranger had tarried; he wished to give him a "peeling," for he had searched the field over and found no horse.

"Now don't blame me, old man," said the Yankee, "for surer than my name is Dick Quirk I seen a hoss, a dead one, in that're very wheat as I kum along."

Oh! but old Gordon waxed wroth at this learning that he had been sent to drive a mere skeleton from his field; yet the Yankee contrived to calm his ruffled feelings, and hire himself to the Sucker to "dew things," closing the bargain with the impartial agreement that they might "hocus-pocus," one another as much as they pleased; whereupon Gordon tickled his inner self with the conceit that he would make out here suffer for all the wrongs he had endured from Yankee trickery, even from the time of his buying a clock from a Connecticut pedler, which he said kept time backward, down to the period when the New York pettifogger wished to marry Clarisse.

Respecting Henry Leslie; he had been in early manhood an enterprising young farmer, endowed with a broad and beautiful domain. But being more over-gifted with an excellent smack of intellectual powers, he had been induced to forsake the natural avocation for one, perhaps better befitting his ambition, taste and ability—law. In the village where he studied and practiced, he became acquainted with Clarisse Gordon, who had accompanied an aunt from the west, with the design of completing her education at one of those meritorious institutions for female instruction with which the eastern states abound. They loved. The aunt wrote to her brother, old Gordon, soliciting his consent for Clarisse to marry, explaining affairs, &c. Gordon answered, stating that he should ever negative his daughter's wish to marry any Yankee who it appeared was too lazy to work and hence had resorted to pettifoggery. He also instructed Clarisse to come home immediately, under the protection of an elderly lady and gentleman, friends of his, then about to return from the east. Clarisse was obedient—wrought—obeyed her mother. Love, we all know, is like wine, a mocker, and sometimes prostrates its victims by mysterious intoxication. Something of this kind befell Leslie. His noble upheavings of desire, his earnest of ambition, were staid. The excitement of business—of practical life became charmless. And within the lapse of a twelve-month, we find him as first presented to the reader, disguised under an assumed name, language, and demeanor, entering upon a plan to win his "lady love," by the sweat of his brow. Herein was centered the ordeal testing the purity of his affection and proving it as pure and clear and untainted as the waters of a mountain spring. He was willing to labor for her like the patriarch on record; to toil, to endure the wring and rack of bone and sinew. Gradually did he win his way into the old man's esteem. On good deeds he laid the base and building up of a good character—By his steady application and his practical skill and ability to labor, he substantiated a reputation for industry; and from experience combined with book knowledge, superiority in the pursuits of agriculture. In the latter, Gordon was particularly indebted to him; he acknowledged his worth; the plantation too expressed it legibly. Nevertheless I do not know what would have been the result had not a circumstance occurred propitious to the lover. It was this:

Gordon was very unjustly prosecuted by a neighbor. Arriving at the court at the time summoned, (it was a Justice's trial) he found every body there whom he wished to see but his own lawyer. The Justice allowed him to delay the suit to the farthest limits that the law admits of—still no lawyer. He would not be beat for a hundred dollars; yet he knew he could not conduct the suit successfully himself. To a man like him, independent to obstinacy, such a situation, without alternative, was mortifying in the extreme. As the Justice was declaring that the case must proceed forthwith, Dick Quirk, alias Leslie, whispered to Gordon:

"May be, seen' as how your lawyer aint kum, you'll let me try your side—I've did sich things afore."

Gordon opened his eyes wide, and stared at him.

"I don't think you need hang off, for I'll pay costs and damages and give you a year's work if I don't beat it."

Gordon complied, partly from despair, partly because he never knew Dick to fail in anything he undertook.

Five minutes elapsed, and Leslie was in his element. He had rich sport that afternoon. The cornering up of some half dozen suspicious witnesses; the putting to flight of half as many half-fledged lawyers, the astonishment which the audience evinced as throwing off his assumed style of speaking, he merged into a chaste, clear, and rapid stream of eloquence. The plain exposition of facts and of the law woven into one glorious irresistible argument, finally resulting in a verdict favorable to his client, were both amusement and profit to Leslie.

Gordon, who during the whole affair had sat with his mouth so wide open that you could have tossed a potatoe sufficiently large for a breakfast down his throat, without his knowing it—said when they were riding home, "Dick, if you are a Yankee, I don't care, you are an all-jot-fired good feller."

"So I am," said Leslie laughing; "indeed whether you take me in the field of labour, the court-room or in any other place of business you please, do you know any man superior to me hereabouts?"

"No I don't."

"Now what do you think of my poverty?" asked Leslie.

"I think you will exchange it for something better as you did your blamed Taunton to-day," answered Gordon.

"Do you consider poverty a disgrace?" continued Leslie.

"Well now, I shouldn't think I did."

"Well sir," said Leslie, stammering a little, inasmuch as you seem to harbor no sentiment concerning me but what favors me, I will be so bold as to inform you that there is a mutual attachment existing between your daughter and myself, and we solicit your consent to our marriage."

Gordon opened his eyes and mouth again wider than ever.

"She's yours by jingo," said the father after a short pause. All I care about it is that she will have to take such a consarned ugly name, Quirk—Quirk—Quirk; it sounds so like a sick gobble's soliloquy; but I s'pose we can petition the Legislature and have it altered."

"Clarisse," said Gordon in the evening—"Clarisse, Quirk has told me you loved one 'bother, so I have given him to you entirely. I am glad, girl, that you have this time made choice of a man who knows how to pettifog, jam up, without being too lazy to work on a farm."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve.

Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gordon were married. After the departure of the wedding guests on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, ycleped matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing and coffee, after all were finished, and after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter and said beseechingly:

"Father, will you forgive us?"

"Forgive you? for what, child?"

"Why you know I—loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And recollect too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here, the mutual agreement was that we were to hocus pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same person."

"Zangs and lightning!" exclaimed Gordon springing to his feet; but he paused and surveyed both the culprits attentively and then continued without passion—"What an old fool I have been to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to choose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you! yes I will, and bless you into the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we shan't have to petition the General assembly in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobble soliloquizing Quirk—Quirk—Quirk. Go to bed children."

A Night's Adventure.

BY A TAILOR.

"Hist! hist! are you still there?"

"We are, both of us. Have you seen him?"

"Yes, the wretch! I have tried for the last time to obtain from him—you know what: he received me no better than usual. So now, since extremities have become indispensable, let us proceed as agreed upon. Kirmann, courage, my boy! 'Tis close upon the stroke of twelve; he will then go out; follow, till you see him entering a dark and deserted street, then pounce upon him, hand to wrist, and make him deliver up the objects in question. No pity, my friends! swear that you will have none."

"We swear!"

"Tis well! I shall be near at hand, and watch the result!"

The three individuals thus conversing, did not present the ordinary resemblance to malefactors. One of them, he who would appear to direct the enterprise, seemed to be a good sort of citizen, well clothed, healthy, of honest dimensions, and such a one as you may see every day in any frequented street, with a full handkerchief under his arm, or an empty one in his hand. Something observable in the gait, starched look, and apparently disguised haunches, would lead you to believe that this man employed himself at some very common trade, which, that we may make no mistake, we shall not yet name.

The smaller of the remaining two had one of the most grotesque faces you can conceive. His projecting proboscis trussed up between the eyes, might prove that nature had not forgotten to make some noses for the convenience of spectacles; his mouth was encircled with scanty and large teeth, and add to all this—he was humpbacked. By the unsteady glimmer of a lamp swinging in the night wind, it was not impossible to perceive that the keen sight of the dwarf glanced with delight upon a pistol which he held in his right hand.

The third personage, owing to his physical conformation, partook in some manner of a relationship between his two associates. Guant, withered, and cadaverous looking, his left arm raised, as if to point his weapon at the breast of a giant, it gave him no distant resemblance to a gibbet. Ever and anon he was quaking. Was it from cold, or fear? It struck the hour of midnight.

From a house well known in the quarter of St. Martin, slowly poured out a dozen men; the two suborned individuals, ever on the alert, were issuing at intervals, for the purpose of reconnoitring, from the dark alley, which they had chosen for concealment; they were obliged at least twenty times to go back and wait anew. At length they espied the being of their search. It was a kind of fashionable animal, frizzed, scented, and adopting a peculiar tie of the cravat. He crossed over the other side of the street, shivering and humming an air, and was soon lost in one of the narrow cross-streets. He walked on rapidly, as if to avoid coming in contact with another wayfarer, whose heavy footsteps sounded not far off; but changing all at once from the disposition of dread to that of boldness, he suddenly stopped short, and allowed sufficient time for those to come up who were effectually pursuing him.

"Halt!" cried one of them; "money or life?"

"Eh? what? eh?"

"Money, or life?"

And the mouths of two pistols were presented, the one at his hat, the other at the height of his stomach.

"Speak but a word and you are a dead man!" chimed in the two voices.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen! I have nothing to give you. I possess but this watch, and 'tis a pinchbeck one."

"Do, kind gentlemen, be content with my hat. I have of late made the dearest sacrifices to clothe myself. My poor aged mother

denied herself her little earnings to pay for my outfit."

"Liar! off with your coat, and no delay, or else—"

"Ah, to commence, throw away that watch."

"There, then, gentlemen; there is my beautiful superfine black coat and velvet collar; you can get a hundred and twenty francs for it anywhere, if the tailor has not deceived me."

"Now your vest!"

"Would you send me away en chemise?"

"Now off with the rest!"

"O! merciful heaven! the sole pity I possess; for pity's sake, gentlemen, for pity! A peal of laughter answered his supplication. And the same voice continued:

"Away with you, and beware how you look behind you."

The bird so strangely plucked of his plumage, waited not for a second injunction. He sped on his course, propelled forward by the fresh morning breeze, and a slight crack of a whip which descended on his shoulders, as he was turning the first corner. He received the following morning, by the earliest post, a billet thus penned:—

"Considering you as much a coward as a swindler, I contrived last night to set my two journeymen, Paul and Kirmann, across your path, each furnished with a chocolate pistol. You might have supped off them. I had them previously attested by my worthy friend, the commissary of police. You preferred restoring the clothes with which I had furnished you, and for which you had refused paying me; you have done right, for we are now quits. Get angry, if you choose, and receive the felicitations of your very humble servant,

YOUR TAILOR."

The Humorist.

EASTERN ANECDOTE.—As a woman was walking, a man looked at her and followed her.

"Why do you follow me?" she asked.

"Because I have fallen in love with you," he replied.

"Why are you in love with me?" said she.

"My sister is much handsomer; she is coming after me. Go and make love to her."

The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being much displeased he turned to the first one, and said,

"Why did you tell me a falsehood?"

"Neither did you speak the truth," replied she; "for if you were in love with me, why did you leave me to look upon my sister?"

There is much good sense in the remark, says an exchange, and if more girls were as sensible as this, there would be less inconstancy.

EXPRESSING ONE'S FEELING.—Some boarding-school misses, accompanied by their governess, were one day lately walking in a garden, when one of the young ladies, stooping over a bed of wall-flowers, exclaimed to her companions that it had the sweetest smell she ever felt.

"How can you be so vulgar," said the governess, "can you feel a smell? Is it hard or soft, pray?"

A few minutes afterwards, the governess stumbled and fell; her pupils assisted her to rise, hoping she was not hurt.

"I am afraid," she said, "that I have sprained my wrist—I feel a great pain in it."

"Is it hard or soft ma'am?" demurely asked the young lady.

PRACTICAL PUNNING.—The Boston Times under the head of "popular punning" has the following:—

An acquaintance of ours has, with his family, taken up his residence in Poplar street, recently. At the breakfast table on the first morning after "moving," the following brief dialogue occurred:

"My dear, this is Poplar street, and by putting a (you) in it," at the same time pointing to his better half, "makes it popular."

"And by putting us in it," immediately rejoined the lady, "will make it populous!"

"Pa, do the tailors have committees in the Common Council?"

"No, my love."

"I'm sure they ought, for the butchers have one."

"Not that I am aware of."

"O, yes, Pa, I read it in the paper. It is called the Joint Committee."—N. Y. Atlas.

An Irishman going to market, met a farmer with an owl.

"Say, Mister, what will you take for yer big eyed Turkey?" "Tis an owl," replied the astonished farmer. "Divil a bit I care whither it's old or young—price the bird."

"Jim, I's a courtin a ooman."

"The deuce you are—is she pretty?"

"Don't know—I have n't been able to see her face yet, for the paint's on it. She hides it in a pulverized brick-bat."

A SMART BOY.—"John, what is the past of see?"

"Seen, sir."

"No, it is saw—remember that."

"Yes, sir. Then if a sea fish swim by me, it becomes a saw-fish when it is past, and cannot be seen."

A LUCKY MAN.—A farmer of Ridgefield informs us that on the 28th ult., his wife honored him with a son, his cow calved, and the hen hatched 14 chickens.

An old hard shell minister, in his sermon a few weeks ago, observed that "no one ever got religion in a great bustle!" Think of this, ladies!

LADIES ATTEND!—A distinguished writer says—"There is but one passage in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men; and that is in the golden rule. Whatsoever ye would that men would do unto you, do ye even so to them."

Why is a locomotive like a man who can't sit down?—Because it has a tender behind!

The wife of a Mr. Gunn, of Woodstock, Vt., lately presented her husband with a brace of little pistols. We wonder if the old women were frightened at the discharge!

The citizens of Laporte, In., are organizing themselves into an "anti-horse-stealing society." A lecture from a "reformed horse-thief" is expected.

"Go below and turn in," as the squall said to the schooner.

Health and Strength.

DR. S. O. RICHARDSON'S
Concentrated Cherry Wine Bitters.

THE Proprietor of this medicine offers to the public the result of an extensive practice and a thorough investigation of the laws which govern the human system. It cannot be denied, by those who have become acquainted with the singular virtues of these Bitters, that they possess a pre-eminence over all others now in use, for the diseases which they profess to cure.

It is a well known fact, that most diseases arise from a derangement of the stomach and bowels, in youthfulness, adult and declining life.

"The stomach crammed with every dish,
A tumb of roast and boiled, and flesh and fish;
Where bile and wind, and phlegm and acid, jar,
And all the usual ills are intestine war."

The extensive sympathies which subsist between these and every other part of the living body is the foundation of nervous diseases of all kinds, Irregular Appetite, Langor, Drowsiness, Wandering Pains, Headache, Lowness of Spirits, &c.

And these, in their turn, give birth to Dyspepsia, Flatulence of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Jaundice, Piles, Fevers, Inflammatory Humors, Coughs, and a host of diseases which embitter life and poison all sources of enjoyment.

The distinguished character of these Bitters is most striking; their operation being more or less powerful according to the violence of the disease. When used in appropriate quantity, in cases of slight derangement of the stomach and bowels, caused by costiveness or a slight bilious difficulty, and the like, where nature needs assistance to prevent more serious consequences, they will be scarcely felt.

On the contrary, in obstinate cases, they frequently operate more powerfully, causing two or three evacuations daily, until the circulating fluid becomes purified. This accomplished, they act on the system in connexion with our food, each receiving mutual assistance until the constitution is restored to a state of health and renewed vigor.

For sale wholesale and retail at the Doctor's office, 15, Hanover street, Boston; and in Augusta by J. E. Ladd and E. Fuller; and in Hallowell by B. Wales, S. Adams, and R. G. Lincoln; and by all agents throughout the State.

June 1, 1845.

HARRISON'S
PERISTALTIC LOZENGES,
An approved remedy for Costiveness and Dyspepsia. Recommended by the most distinguished Medical Faculty, who every day prescribe them to their patients and use them in their families.

THIS inestimable medicine has been before the public for more than eight years. The sales have quadrupled within two years, and are constantly increasing, the best proof of their efficacy.

They are without a rival for the cure of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Headache (nervous or acute), Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Bilious Attacks, Tic Douloureux, Jaundice, Flatulence, Oppression after eating, Weak Stomach, Debility, Lowness of Spirits, Chronic Diarrhoea or East India Complaint, Piles, Worms, Anæmia or Suppression, Micturition or Gleet, &c. &c. In all these complaints they are safe and effectual. Hundreds of ladies in this city and Boston have used no other medicine, by advice of their family physicians, and have been cured.

Salem, Jan. 10, 1844.—The undersigned having used Harrison's Peristaltic Lozenges in Dyspepsia and kindred complaints, have pronounced them a very useful and extraordinary remedy. We cheerfully recommend them to all suffering from Dyspepsia or Costiveness. The Peristaltics are very extensively used in this region, and are every day prescribed by the first physicians.

BENJ. F. CHAMBERLAIN,
JOSEPH ADAMS.

A sure, safe, and cheap cure for Piles.

Mr. Harrison—Having given your Peristaltic Lozenges and Pile Remedy a fair trial, I have the satisfaction to inform you that they have operated wonderfully in my case. I had not been able for months to do any work on my trade owing to exhaustion from bleeding, but I now feel myself cured. The severe pain which I had in my stomach is gone, and my strength is fast returning. I had used various remedies to no purpose, until I tried your medicine. I can also state that Capt. Benj. Ireson of this town has also experienced great benefit from your remedy. I cheerfully recommend the medicine to all suffering with this distressing complaint.

EDWARD H. LEWIS,
Levin, Sept. 27, 1844.

Ask for Harrison's Pile Remedy. Price only 50 cts. Both of these medicines are for sale by J. E. LADD, Augusta, and S. ADAMS, Hallowell.

A New Remedy at a Low Price!
A LITTLE VEGETABLE GUM RHEUMATIC PLASTER is a cheap, efficacious, and highly approved remedy for the cure of Rheumatism, Contractions of the Muscles, Pains in the Side, Back and Limbs, and is much called for as a strengthening Plaster, and all purposes for which Plasters are used. None gives such entire satisfaction as this. Price, 25 cents for a small and 37½ cents for a large box.

For sale by Reuben Partridge, J. W. Patterson, Augustus; at the Fountain of Health, Hallowell; Ansel Clark, C. Dickman, Gardiner; A. H. & H. P. Clark, Pittston; Lorenzo Crowell, Waterville; Albert Fuller, Skowhegan; Levi Emery, Jr., Bloomfield.

All applications for agencies must be made to JOHN SAFFORD, 24, Esq., Monmouth, Me., (post paid), which will be attended to.

Bleeding at the Lungs.

N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir is the most efficient remedy known for this most fearful complaint. Read the following certificate, first published in the New York papers, from Alderman Morton, of 125 Water Street:

New York, 7th Nov., 1844.

Messrs. Curtis & Smith—At the request of your agent, I give you the result of a trial of Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir. About one year since I had five different attacks of Bleeding or Hemorrhage of the Lungs, and was much reduced and confined to my bed for near six months, since then I have had without cessation a severe cough and general debility, trying about every medicine of any reputation. A few days since I commenced the use of Down's Elixir, and have no hesitation in saying, that my cough and soreness of lungs, it has proved of great benefit, and has been of essential service to me in restoring my health.

Yours respectfully,
PETER MORTON.

Coughs and Colds. At this season of colds and coughs, be sure to remember that in nine cases of ten, you may find relief in a few hours, or, if severe and obstinate, in a few days, by the use of N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, the best remedy ever invented for diseases that affect the lungs and pulmonary organs.

Asthma. We believe it to be a generally acknowledged fact, wherever the medicine is known, that N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir gives greater relief in this distressing malady—in more instances effects a perfect cure, than any other medicine ever invented.

The Croup. This formidable disease may be cured by N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir. We speak confidently, having never known, among the hundreds of instances in which it has been used, one where it has failed, when a fair trial has been had.

What parent, or who that has the care of children, will neglect to avail themselves of so invaluable a remedy, and to keep it constantly in their houses!

APRIL 8.

AGENTS.—J. E. LADD, Augusta; B. Wales, Hallowell; H. Smith & Co., Gardiner; J. L. & O. H. Stanley, Winthrop; Sumner C. Moulton, Wayne; A. Winslow, Monmouth; Lawrence & Hancock, Gray; Holland & Lane, Lewiston; William Dyer, Waterville; Pratt, Lawrence & Co., Fairfield; Albert Fuller, Skowhegan; Blunt & Turner, Norridgewock; Rodney Collins, North Anson; C. Cummings, Jr. & Co., Solon; Jesse Thine, West's Mills; Henry R. Jennings, Industry; John N. Perkins, Farmington; Joshua Bell, East Wilton; Nathaniel R. Walker, Wilton; Blanding & C. W. Dyer, New Sharon; Enoch Morrill, Strong; Columbus Sweet, Phillips; J. R. Greenwood, Weld.

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April 1, 1845.

Bonner's Method at Reduced Prices.

THE cheapest, and expedition, by which manure may be manufactured by the Bonner's process, and advantageously applied, render it one of the most useful inventions of the age. To facilitate the general introduction of this important accession to the farming interest, it is proposed to sell the method to companies at reduced prices, in each separate town, with special privileges as extra inducements for its speedy adoption, in every place, where manure is appreciated. Numerous companies have already been formed in different states, and many more are now in progress. It is intended, as soon as practicable, to employ a competent travelling agent in each county, for the completion of this object. Ezekiel Bonner, Esq., has been appointed agent for Cumberland County, and Samuel Davis, Esq., for the County of Lincoln, in the State of Maine. Only qualified persons, who may secure the agency for the other counties, will find the employment useful and lucrative. Communications to me, under post paid, and directed to me, at Westville, New Haven County, Connecticut.

ELI BARNETT.

March 1, 1845.



NEW ENGLAND
TRUSS MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber still continues to manufacture Trusses of every description, at his residence, at the old establishment, opposite No. 365, Washington street, Boston, entrance in Temple Avenue, up stairs. All individuals can see him alone, at any time at the above place.

Having had twenty years' experience, he has afforded relief to three thousand persons, for the last five years. All most assured of relief, without back with perfect ease and safety. He is now confident he can give every individual relief who may call on him.

THE public are cautioned against the many quacks who promise what they cannot perform.

Having worn the different kinds of Trusses, more or less, that have been offered to the public for the last twenty years from different patent manufacturers, and now continues to wear those of his own manufacture, he is now able to decide, after examining the rupture, what sort of Truss is best to adopt to all the cases that occur; and he has on hand, as good Trusses, and will furnish any kind of Truss that can be had elsewhere.

J. F. F. manufactures as many as Twenty different kinds of Trusses, among which are all the different kinds similar to those that the late Mr. John Bonner, of this city, formerly made, and all others advertised in Boston, together with the patent elastic spring Truss, with spring pads;—Trusses without steel springs;—these give relief in all cases of rupture, and a large portion produce a perfect cure, and can be worn day and night, improved hinge and pivot Truss; unobtrusive spring Trusses, made in four different ways; Trusses with ball and socket joints, Trusses for Protrusion, by wearing which, persons troubled with a descent of the rectum can sit on horse back with perfect ease and safety. Mr. F. also makes Trusses for Protrusion Uteri, which have answered in cases where pessaries have failed. Suspensory Trusses, knee caps and back boards are always kept on hand. As a matter of convenience and not of speculation, the undersigned will keep on hand the following kinds from other manufacturers, which they can have if his does not suit them;—Dr. Hall's; Read's Spiral Truss; Rindell's; do.; Salmon's ball and socket; Sherman's; French do.; March's Improved Truss; Bateman's do., double and single; Stone's Trusses; also Trusses for children of all sizes.

Any kind of Truss repaired at short notice, and made as good as when new.

Ladies wishing for any of these instruments, will be waited upon by Mrs. Foster, at the above place. Mrs. F. has been engaged in the above business for ten years.

He likewise informs individuals of the location of their complaints known to any one, except when he is permitted to refer to them—it being a misfortune, and young persons do not want their cases known.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.

Boston, Sept. 15, 1844.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

FOR Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption.

THE great English Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by the celebrated Dr. BUCHAN of London, England, and introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

The extraordinary success of this medicine, in the cure of Pulmonary diseases, warranted the American Agent, in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from all the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished Physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a preventive medicine in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption, in the chest, irritation and soreness of the lungs, hoarseness, difficulty of breathing, hectic fever, night sweats, emaciation and general debility, asthma, influenza, hooping cough, and croup.

Sold in large bottles, at \$1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of Health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates, and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the Agents, gratuitously.

DAVID F. BRADLEY, sole Agent for the United States, 119 Court street, Boston.

Agents.—Augusta, S. S. RROOKS, No. 4, Merchant's Row, DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL, J. E. LADD; Hallowell, S. Page, A. Pease; Gardiner, H. Smith & Co.; Waterville, R. W. Frey; Winthrop, J. E. Stanley; Bangor, H. Washburn; Bangor, D. Dugbes; Portland, E. Mason; Thomaston, T. Fogg, & Co.; Bath, A. G. Page.

Testimonials of the efficacy of Dr. BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE.

Mr. BROOKS, SIR—After repeated and unsuccessful trials of various other prescriptions for Coughs and Colds, to which I am quite subject, I was induced to use BUCHAN'S Balsam, sold by you; and it gives me pleasure to state that I have found it in my case, to be a pleasurable, quick, and sure remedy.

J. J. EVELLTH.

Augusta, Oct. 19, 1844.

Having made satisfactory trial of BUCHAN'S Balsam of Life, I fully concur in the above statement of Mr. EVELLTH.

FRANCIS DAVIS.

Augusta, Oct. 19, 1844.



SCARPA'S ACUSTIC OIL!

SCARPA'S ACUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and discharge of Matter from the ears, price \$1.75. For sale by W. F. HALLETT, Augusta, Jan. 8, 1845.

DEAFNESS CURED.

SCARPA'S ACUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and discharge of Matter from the ears, price \$1.75. For sale by W. F. HALLETT, Augusta, Jan. 8, 1845.

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